EMIGRATION AND OTHER MATTERS.

We take the following from the Montreal e prespondence of the Toronto Globe:-

This afternoon Mr. Duncan McIntyre was at work in the Syndicate offices and was visited by a large number of gentlemen on Syndicate business. If business matters have been as successful as has been Mr. McIntyre's trip from a health-giving point of view, the Syndicate would have little cause of complaint. Your correspondent, in conversation with Mr. McIntyre, learned that the stream of emigration from Great Britain this year cannot fail of being very great, as the vessel in which he had sailed to New York was obliged to leave a great number of emigrants behind at Liverpool and Queenstown.

"Where are those emigrants bound for principally?"

"Most of them are going west."

"To the United States or the Dominion North West?" " Most of them to the States I think, but a

very large number are going to the Dominion North-West."

" Have the Syndicate completed their emigration arrangements?"

"No, not yet. We were too late in the ear. If we had had the contract signs, d before Christmas I think we would have 'nad all things arranged for a very hoavy stream of emigration this year. You cannot, however, make arrargements all in a week with the steamship companies."

" Will you have any emigration this year?" "Oh, of course we shall have a great number. Mr. Stephen was in Scotland not very Rong since, and his arrangements will send a large number. The great bulk of our emigration will commence next season."

"What about the statements that you are replacing Canadians with Americans in the western section of your road?"

"There is no foundation for such a statement. We of course choose a good man for head of a department, and do not interfere with the appointments he makes. We sent Mr. Baker out there as our chief executive and accountant, and his experience with the Allans, Canada Central, etc., fitted him for the place. Then there is Mr. Harden, whose experience upon the Grand Trunk is well known and acknowledged. We have invested our money in the enterprise, and we must get the men who, in our opinion, are the best to fill the situations."

"What about about the sale of your lands? Have you succeeded as well as you anticipated ?"

"Yes, we have done pretty well, though some people have made an effort to show that our lands are not worth giving away. We sell our lands at \$2.50 an acre."

"Do you charge that price all over the area chosen? "Yes, we make no reservation whatever."

"I notice your Syndicate is to build the Sault Ste. Marie Branch line from Callender Station. You have changed your mind about that have you not ?"

"Well, no. That is the Syndicate has not." "I think you said before you went to Europe that you were likely not to build that

bit of the road at all?"
"Yes, I recollect. The Syndicate had not then made up their minds to amalgamate with the Canada Central. It was in London they decided to do that. When they did so then they took up the question of the Sault Branch, and seeing in it a good stroke of business have resolved to go ahead with it. By that means we can take our emigrants through of the year send our supplies and emigrants

through our own country."

to meet you at the Sault?" "We do not meet any one at that point. We will have the steamers there during the navigable months, and will come down to Montreal over the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa

and Western Rallway." "To return to the North Shore Railway, what kind of offer was it that the Syndicate made to Mr. Chapleau and the Province of Quebec for it? I notice the Minerve and Mr. Chapleau grumb'e that your offer was ridiculously low-that it was the lowest of all the

offers they received." "We never made them any offer whatever (emphatically). I am in a position to say that the Syndicate never offered a dollar for the North Shore Road."

How have you succeeded in your disposal of the North-West land in Great Britain? Have you sold any of it?"

"Yes; in the Red River district alone we have disposed of over 300,000 acres.'

Here Mr. McIntyre read a telegram in reference to locations in half a dozen townships, asking what the prospects would be if the party telegraphing should make selections of land in any of them. He stated that in reply he had announced that selections made in good faith by parties would be respected by the Syndicate when the lands will have been surveyed.

"You will charge them the same prices as others pay?"

"Yes; \$2.50 an acre all arcund." "Are your supplies arranged for in Great

"Yes, such of them as we purchase in Great Britain. Some of them are on the way DOW.

"What do you purchase in Canada?" "Since the contract has been signed we have ordered in Canada 580 flat cars and 200 box cars, besides a large number of first and second class cars for passenger traffic."

"Where are these being made?" "The majority of them in London, Ontario." " What about your locometives-will these

be made in Canada?" "They are not easy to get just now. They are rather scarce in Canada. We cannot get them, and we are likely to suffer very much from want of them."

"What about the Kingston works, will they make any for you?"

"We will take them where we can get them of course."

"What is the principal attraction pos-

sessed by the North-West lands for British "There is much interest aroused there

about the cattle trade, and if we can show them that we really possess the facilities for cattle raising that we think our lands possess there need be little doubt as to the flood of happy to have it introduced into all our esemigration that will pour in."

EPPB'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING-4 By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion Superioress Congregation de Notre Dame, and nutrition, and by a careful application of ≢he fine properties of well selected cocos, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist any tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us roady to attack wherever

there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled—"James Epps & Co. Homeopathic Chemists, London, England. Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essenci for afternoon use.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret we annorance the death of Mr. Patrick Cosgrove, of St. Gabriel de Val Cartier, P.Q. an event which occurred on the 13th of last April, after an ill ness of three weeks. The deceas d was highly esteemed and respected for his integrity and worth, and acted as agen', for the TRUE WIT-

A LOSING JOKE.

A prominent physician of Pittsburg said jokingly to a ady patient who was complaining of her 'ontinued ill health, and of his inability to a care her, "try Hop Bitters!" The lady tool, It in earnest and used the Bitters, from w cich she obtained permanent health. Sher ow laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he i a not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a Good patient.—Harrisburgh Patriot.

BREVITIES.

Mr. G. Amyot's election for Bellechasse is to be contested. Toronto tailors are agitating for an in-

rease of wages. Belleville's Corporation expenditure for the

past year amounted to \$35,558.43. In the past sixteen years the British Indian Budget has shown a deficit sixteen times.

During the past six years the population of New Zealand has increased 55 per cent. On Friday evening last a little boy was killed by lightning at St. Charles, Bellechasse.

The last two steamers from China to San Francisco brought nearly a thousand Chinese

The National Exhibition at Tokio, Japan, was visited by 65,000 persons during the first

George A Kirkpatrick, M. P., has been elected President of the Kingston Water Works Company. No fewer than fifty-three derelict vessels

were sighted and reported to Lloyds, in January, in the north Atlantic. The writ for the election of a representative l'eer, vice Lord Dunboyne, has been is-

sued. Lord Ardilaun is spoken of. The autograph fan is the latest invention. It is made of parchment, and distinguished

personages can write their names on it. Two Caughnawaga Indians were drowned yesterday morning while attempting to run

the Upper Joschim rapids in a small boat. An Egyptian blue-book shows that there are 5,370 schools, 5,727 teachers, and out of has given you, once more." 850,000 children in the country, 140,000 go to school.

The Brazilian Government has resolved to repress the system of Indian slavery and to punish all those who may possess slaves on the Amazon.

Colorel Malcolmson has been honorably acquitted by a court-martial at Bombay of the charge of cowardice and misconduct at the retreat from Maiwand.

It is reported that English capitalists are negotiating for the purchase of 5,000 acres of Cumberland marsh lands in Nova Scotia, for the purpose of starting a cattle ranch.

The father of the present Duke of Sutherland was thirty-seven when he married the to the Sault, and during seven or eight months | Duchess, who was a daughter of Lord Carlisle, and was only seventeen. He was deaf, a man of delicate sensibilities and large humanitarianism. The hospitalities of Dunrobin Castle, where Americans were welcome, were

> Chicago has a Mormon church, founded by the followers of the original Joseph Smith, but it does not countenance polygamy, and claims that the following passage was in the unmutilated Book of Mormon: "Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord: for there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none, for I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of

> A few years ago John Peck became a Boston car conductor, and during the first week or two he was dreadfully vexed at the frequency with which his car got off the track. One day the end of a rail flew up and stuck in the car, and that night, utterly disgusted, he threw up his place. In the season that followed he took the matter into consideration, and in a few days called on the superintendent of the line he had left and said he could make a "chair" which would remedy the trouble. The officer was at first incredulous, but Peck produced models which were deemed satisfactory, and was told to make a trial. To-day Peck's patent railroad chair, for which he secured several patents, is used by all Boston street railroads, and on many great steam roads.

"Where have you been for a week back?" enquired a man of his neighbor; "I have not a weak back," retorted he, "you misunderstood me," remarked his friend; "but if you ever get a weak back try Burdock Blood Bitters. It cures all debility arising from disordered Kidneys, Liver or Blood, and is the best purifying Tonic in the world. All medicine dealers supply Sample Bottles at 10 Cents, think how much happiness I, the usurper, en Regular size \$1.00.

Next week will be commenced in THE POST the Serial "Charlie ther, though Lady Cecil had usurped your Stuart and his Sister," one of the most charming Stories ever published and written by one of the advice? Captain O'Donnell, you don't love purest and most charming of her."

WHAT THE SUPERIORESS OF THE CONVENTS THINK OF THE WEBER PIANOS.

New York Piano Co., Montreal: GENTLEMEN,-It is with pleasure I announce that I am perfectly satisfied with the Weber (New York) piano which I bought from you. It gives every satisfaction, and I would be tablishments, as well as to all those who wish to buy a fine piano.

Yours respectfully, SISTER ST ROMUALD. Joliette

We have used the planes of Mr. A. Weber in this institution for several years, and feel pleasure in recommending them for their fine tone and durability. They give entire satisfaction in every respect.

SISTER MARY ANGELA HUGHES, New York.

RFADMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXVI .- CONTINUED.

You waged war with Lady Cecil Clive, in taking her lover from her, and she certainly never wronged you. She was your friend through all.'

The hard look came over her face once more, a hard light in her large eyes.

"Was she? In your eyes of course, Lady Cecil can do no evil. But what if I told you wers for a number of gears. Requiescat in she had done me the deepest, the deadliest wrong of all?" He looked at her in surprise.

"I don't understand," he said, a little cold-"I believe Lady Cecil to be incapable of willfully wronging any one. And she always spoke gently of you."

She leaned her forehead on her hands, and pushed back her hair with a long, tired sigh. "What a mockery, what a satire it all isthe world and the people in it! We are all sinners, but I wonder what I have done, that my life should be so accursed ! Redmond O'-Donnell, this morning I felt almost happy a fierce, triumphal sort of happiness-I had fought a long, bitter battle, but the victory was with me at last. Now, if I could lie down here and die, I should ask no greater boon. My life has been from first to last a dreary, miserable failure. Oh, God II want to do right. My life has been bitter, bitter, bitter, and I feel as though I was steeped in crime to the lips. If I could only die and end it all! But death passes the guilty and miserable by,

and takes the happy and the good." Her folded arms were lying on the table, her head fell forward on them as though she never cared to lift it again. From first to last she had been a creature of impulse, swayed by a passionate, undisciplined heart—a ship adrift on a dark sea without rudder or com.

pass. "There have been days in my life-in the years that are gone—sye, in the weeks that I have spent yonder at Scarswood—when I have held the laudanum in my hand, to my lips, that would have ended it all. But I did not dare die-such wretches as I don't. It was not death I feared—but what comes after. Captain O'Donnell," she lifted her haggard eyes and looked at him, and to the last day of his life the hopeless despair of that face-the hopeless pathos of that voice haunted him, what must you think of me? What a lost, degraded creature I must be in your sight."

He took both her hands in his, a compassion such as he had never felt for any human

being before stirring his beart. "What am I that I should judge? And if, I thought so, would I ask you to be the com-panion, the sister of my sister? there is nohing but pity for you in my heart-nothing. Give up this dark and dangerous life and be true to yourself-to the noble nature Heaven

She rose up—her hand still in his, a sort of inspiration shining in her face. "I will!" she answered. "You-whom I thought my enemy, shall save me. I re-

nounce it-the plotting-the evil-the revenge. And for your sake—for the love you bear her, I will spare her." He looked at her in mute inquiry. She smiled, drew away her hands, and resumed her

seat. "You do not understand. See here, Captain O'Donnell, I told you, did I not, my second object in returning to England was to discover my parentage? Well, I have dis-

covered it." "You have!" he cried, breathlessly. "I have discovered it. My father lives, and the daughter of my nurse occupies my place in his heart, the name I should bear. It is a very old story—changed at nurse—and

that nurse has confessed all. "You have done this. Then I congratulate you indeed! You will go to your father at once, of course! No one, believe me, can rejoice at this more sincerely than I."

"You mistake. I will never go. This morning I had intended-but that is all past now. If I renounce my revenge and wrongdoing in one way, I renounce it in all. never understood half measures.

"But there is wrong-doing here-it is right it is your duty to go.

"Captain O Donnell, don't you see another is in my place! My going would bring shame and disgrace, and misery upon her. My father is a very proted man-would is add to his pride or happiness to atknowledge such a daughter as 1

"All that has nothing to do with it," the chasseur answered, with his stilliourn sense of right and wrong. - Tour day is to go to your father, and tell him the truth at any cost to his pride to yours.' Sae smiled.

· Would this he your advice if-it, for example only-my inter were the Earl of Ruysland, (I name him you understand, as the first I think of , Suppose I went to him and said, My lord, I. Extende Dangerfield--Helen Hernostie-Garton Dantree-any alias you please -- im your daughter; she whom you call Lady Cecil Clive is but the daughter of your former servant, my nurse. She hated your dead wife, my mother, and when you came to claim your child she gave you hers." Suppose I said this-suppose I could prove it-what then? Would the earl clasp me to his bosom in a gush of parental love? Would Lady Cecil get down from her pedestal of birth and rank and let me mount? Think of the earl's shame and pain-ber suffering-Sir Arthur Tregenna's humiliation; ioy. Bring the case home, and tell me still,

you can—to go." "I tell you still to go. Right is right. Though the Earl of Ruysland were your faplace, I should say, go-tell the truth, be the cost what it may."

"You, who love Lady Cecil, give me this

"I love berso well that I leave her; I love her so well that if the thing you speak of were possible, I would be the first to go and tell her. Once again-in the face of all that may follow-I repeat, go! Tell the truth, take the place and name that are yours, and let me help you if I can."

But still she sat keeping that strange, wist ful, searching gaze on his face. "You love her so well that you leave her. she repeated, dreamily; "you leave her be-

cause she is an earl's daughter and you think above you. If you knew her to be poorpoor and low boru-" "I would still leave her. It would make no difference. Poor or rich, gentle or simple. who am I that I should marry a wife? My soldier's life in camp and desert does well enough for me. How would I do, think you, for one brought up as Lady Cecil Clive has

been? I can rough it well enough—the life snits me: but I shall never care to see my wife rough it also. Lat us pass all thatdon't care to talk of myself. Lady Cecil Clive is not for me-anymore than one of her Superioress Mount St. Vincent Academy, Majesty's daughters. Let us speak only of He watched her in stlent surprise. She drew from her pocket a folded paper, and

anded it to him. "You have done greater service than you dream of in coming here," she said. "Do one last favor. I want this paper destroyed. I have a whimsical fancy to see you do it. Hold it to the candle and let it burn."

He took it doubtfully. He read the superscription-" Confession of Harriet Harman," and hesitated. "I don't know-why should I? What is this?"

"Nothing that concerns any one on earth but myself. You will be doing a good deed, I believe, in destroying it. Let me see you turn it. I can do it, of course; but as I said, I have a fancy that yours should be the hand to destroy it. Burn it, Captain O'Donnell."

Still wondering-still doubting-he obeyed. Held the paper in the flame of the candle until it dropped in a charred cloud on the table. Then she held out her hand to him with a brave happy smile.

"Once more I thank you. You have done me a great service. You have saved me from myself. When do you and your sister leave?"

"To-day; but if I can aid you in any wavif I can take you to your father-' "You are ready to do it I know; but I have not quite made up my mind about that yet. It is not a thing to be done in a hurry. Give me a few hours. Come back if you will before you depart, and if you have any influence with the Earl of Ruysland, don't let him send that search-warrant to-day. Let us say good-

by, and part for the present." He stood and looked at her doubtfully. He felt vaguely that never had he been farther from understanding her than at this moment. "I will come," he said, " and I hope-I trust

by that time you will have made up your mind to return to your father, and-if Rose wishes it-may I bring ber to see him?" "Certainly—he will not know her—poor fellow. He knows nobody. Farewell, Red-

mond O'Donnell,—my triend."

There was a lingering tenderness in her voice, in her eyes, that might have told him her secret. But men are totally blind sometimes. He saw nothing. He grasped her band. "Not farewell," he said: "au revoir."

She went with him to the door. She watched him with wistful eyes out of sight. "Farewell," she said, softly; "farewell for-ever. If Henry Otis had been to me what you are, six years ago I had been saved."

CHAPTER XXVII

THAT NIGHT. THREE hours later, and Redmond and Rose O'Donnell had quitted Scarswood Park forever. The last farewells had been said-to Lady Dangerfield, weeping feebly, not so much at their loss as over the general distress and misery that was falling upon the place the dread of her own fortune. To Lady Cecil cold, and white, and still, giving her parting kiss to the sister-her parting hand-clasp and look to the brother. "Farewell forever, my love-my love-who loved me once," that long, wistful, hopless glance said. To Lord Ruysland, politely affable and full of regrets

to the last. Confound Mrs. Everleigh and her masquerade ball, and doubly, trebly confound Miss Herncastle for persuading Ginevra to go. The only consolation is we'll have her on the hip before night fails."

"And even that consolation I must ask your lordship to forego," O'Donnell said, with a half smile. "I have been to see Miss Hern-c: stle. And there is no need of that search war:ent, my lord. I believe you are at liberty to enter and go through Bracken Hollow as freely as you please—if you only wait until to-morrow."

"My good fellow, do you know what you are saying? Wait! with such an arch-trait-ress as that! Wait! give her time to make her escape, and carry off her victim-her prisoner, whoever it may be, and start life luxuriously in London or Paris, under a new alias, and with poor Sir Peter's money. My dear O'Donnell, you're a sensible fellow enough in the main, but don't you think this last suggestion of yours betrays slight sym-

ptoms of softening of the brain ?" "My lord-no. You see I know Miss Herncastle's story and you don't—that makes the difference."

"Gad!" his lordship responded, "I am not sure that I care to know any more than I do. If her previous history be in keeping with its secuel here, it must be an edifying autobiography. Is her name Herncastle, or what?"

Her name is not Herncastle. I do not know what it is, I believe she does not know herself. My lord, she is greatly to be pitied; she has gone wrong, but circumstances have driven her wrong. The bitter cynic who defines virtue as only the absence of temptation was right, as cynics very generally are. In her place, I believe I would have done as she has done-ay, worse. Life has dealt hardly with her-hardly-hardly. I tell you so; and to lean too greatly to the side of pity for the erring is not my weakness. Gaston Dantree is the ghost and prisoner of Bracken Hollow. She has confessed; but I believe he is well and kindly treated; and if, instead of caring for him there, she had left him to die like a dog in a ditch, she would only have given him his deserts. She has taken (fairly or unfairly as you will—I don't know) a large sum of money from Sir Peter Dangerfield; but I say there too she has served him right. In her place I would have taken every farthing if I could. She has done wrong in the matter of the ball, but even then, treated as Lady Dangerfield daily treated her, I don't say I would not have done the same. From first to last I maintain Miss Herncastle has been more sinned against than sinning, and so your lordship would acknowledge if you knew all."

His eyes were flashing, his dark face flush ed with an earnestness that rarely broke through the indolent calm of long habit and training. His lordship stood and stared at

him aghast. "Good Heaven!" he said; "what rhodomontade is this? Is the woman a witch? and have you fallen under her spell at last? And I would acknowledge all this if I knew all. Then, my dear fellow, in the name of common-sense tell me all, for I'll be hanged if I can make top or tail of this. Who, in Heaven's name, is this greatly wrongedmuch-to-be-pitied Miss Herncastle?"

"Perhaps I ought to tell you -- and yet it is such a marvelous story—"

"Egad! I know that beforehand; every thing connected with this extraordinary young woman is marvelous. Whatever it is, it cannot be much more marvelous than what has gone before."

"My lord," O'Donnell said hastily, "I see my sister waiting, and I have no time to spare. Here is a proposal : don't go near Bracken Hollow until to-morrow, until you have heard from me. Before I leave Castleford I will find time to write you the whole thing; I really don't care to tell it, and when you have read her story, I believe I only do you justice in saying you will let Miss Herncastle alone. I have reason to think she will leave Castleford to-day with my sister and me-that she

She rose up with a strange, unfathemable will share Rose asylum in France, and that smile, crossed the room without a word, lit a all her evil doings are at an end. To-night, candle and placed it on the table before him.

you please. Once more, my ford, farewell." He lifted his hat and sprang down the steps to where Rose sat in the basket-carriage awaiting him. Once he glanced back—he half smiled to see his lordship standing petrified where he had left him. He glanced up at a particular window. A face that dead and in its coffin would never look whiter, watch ed him there. He way d his hand—the ponies flung up their heads and dashed down the avenue; in a moment Scarswood lay behind them like a place in a dream.

There was not one word spoken all the way. Once Rose, about to speak, had glanced at her brother's face, and the words died on his lips. Did he love Lady Cecil after all-had he loved her vainly for years? They went to the Siver Rose. Miss O'Donnell had her former room, and there, wrenching himself from the bitterness and pain of his own loss, he told her the story of Gaston Dantree.

"If you would like to see him, now is your time," he said. "I am going to Bracken Hol-

"I will go," she answered.

low. You can come, if you like." She listened in pale amaze, shrinking and trembling as she heard. An idiot for life! At the horror of that fate all her wrongs paled into insignificance—what awful retribution was here? She rose up ashen gray with pity and horror, but tearless and quiet.

He procured a fly and they started at once. Again it was a very silent drive. Redmond O'Donnell forced his thoughts from his own troubles; brooding on hopeless loss of any kind was not his nature, and thought of Katherine. He almost wondered at himself at the pity he felt for her,-at the sort of admiration and affection she had inspired him with. How brave she was, how resolute, how patient; what wonderful self command was hers. What elements for a noble and beautiful life, warped and gone wrong. But it was not yet too late; the courage, the generosity, the nobility within her would work for good from henceforth. He would take her to France, her better nature would assert itself. She would one day become one of those exceptionally great women whom the world delights to honor. She-he paused. They had drawn up at the gate, and standing there with folded arms, with rigidly compressed lips, with eyes that looked like gleaming steel,

stood Henry Otis. The Algerian soldier knew him at once, and knew the instant he saw him something had gone wrong. As he advanced with his sister Mr. Otis flung open the gate, took off his hat to the sister, and abruptly addressed the brother.

"I have the honor of speaking to Captain Redmond O'Donnell?" "I am Captain O'Donnell, Mr. Otis," was the calm answer. "I come here with my sister by Miss Herncastle's permission." "I inferred that. This is your second

visit to-day?" "My second visit," O'Donnell added, secret ly wondering why the man should assume that belligerent attitude and angry tone. "I trust Miss Herncastle is here? I came ex-

pecting to meet her?" "Miss Herncastle is not here!" Otis replied, his eyes glancing their irate steely fire; she has gone.

"Gone!" "Gone—fled—run away. That would not surprise me; but this does." He struck angrily an open letter he held. "Captain O'-Donnell, what have you been saying to herwhat influence do you possess over her that she should resign the triumph of her life, in the hour of its fulfilment, for you? By what right do you presume to come here, and med-

dle with what in no way concerns you?" Redmond O'Donnell stood and looked at him, his straight black brows contracting, his voice sinking to a tone ominously low and

til I rejoin you." She obeyed with a startled look. "Now then, Mr. Otis, let us understand one another; I don't comprehend one word you are saying, but I do comprehend that you have taken a most disagreeable tone. Be kind enough to change it to one a little less aggressive, and to make your meaning a

little more clear." "You don't understand?" Otis repeated, still with suppressed anger. " Have you not been the one to counsel her to renounce the sim of her life, to resign her birthright because, forsooth, the woman who has usurped it is your friend? Have you not been the one to urge this flight-to compel this renun-

ciation ? "My good fellow," O'Donnell cried impatiently, " if you intend to talk Greek, talk it, but don't expect me to understand. And 1 never was clever at guessing riddles. If Miss Horncastle has run away. I am sincerely sorry to hear it-it is news to me. What you mean about renouncing her birthright and all that you may know-I don't. I urged her to give up the life of falsehoed and deception she has been leading lately for one more worthy of her, and I understood her to say she would. The influence I possess over her is only the influence any true friend might possess. Farther than that, if you want me to know what you are talking about, you will be

kind enough to explain.' And Henry Otis. looking into the dark, gravely haughty face knew that he spoke the truth. He handed him the letter. "It is from her," he said, "to me. Read

O'Donnell obeyed. It bore date that day, and was significantly brief.

"HENRY-MY BROTHER: You will be surprised--pained, angered, it may be--when I tell you I am going, and coming back no more. l give it all up—all the plotting, the weary, wicked, endless scheming that brought revenge perhaps, but never happiness. And the confession is burned! They shall never know-neither my father, nor she who has taken my place unwittingly, shall ever be rendered miserable by the truth. I can remember now that she at least was ever gentle and sweet to me. If I told them to-morrow, I could not, would not take her place; my father would never care for me-would look upon me as a shame and disgrace. Let it go with all the rest. Captain O'Donnell has proven himself my friend; for his sake I renounce my cherished vengeance. Let the miserable woman we have lured here go. Care for poor Gaston as you have always cared. Do not follow me: when happier days come I will follow you. Do not fear for me. Sir Peter Dangersield's money is in Hannah's keeping; restore it to him; I would die sconer than use it. Tell Captain O'Donnell that while I thank him—thank him with all my heart and soul-I still cannot go with him. For my own sake I cannot. He has been my salvation; to my dying day his memory and yours will be the dearest in my heart. Dear Henry, my best friend, my dearest brother, farewell! I have been a trouble, a distress to you, from the first; this last fight will trouble and distress you most of all; but it is

Redmond O'Donnell looked up from the letter with a face of pale wonder. What does she mean ?" he asked. "'Dar. I me two knees I'd go to ye this minute

for the best—the rest never were. -- Farewell !

KATHERINE,"

not come with me for her own sake! folly is this?"

Henry Otis returned his glance gloom enough. He understood, if O'Donnell " Who can comprehend a woman-least

all such a woman as Katherine Daingerfield Bat for once she shall be disobeyed For six years I have obeyed her in goo and in evil; now I refuse to obey longer The truth shall be told—yes, by Heaven! let their pride suffer as it may. They shall know that the girl upon whom they tramp led is of their blood! He, with all his dignity and mightiness, shall find she is his daugh ter!"

"Who?" O'Donnell asked, with a piercing glance. But Henry Otis moodily drew bac "Yonder is Hannah—if you want to see th miserable wretch hidden for five years Bracken Hollow, you had better go. I shall tell him, not you."

His angry jealousy flashed out in ever look, in every word. He hated this man-this dark, dashing, Irish soldier—with hi magnificent stature, his handsome, dusk face Katherine loved him! Was it part of h wretched destiny always to love men utter indifferent to her, while he—all his life seemed to him he had lain his heart at h feet, and it had been less to her than the ground she trod.

He turned away from him in a passion wrath against her, against the tall, haught amazed chasseur, against himself and his is fatuation, and dashed into the belt of gloom woodland that shut in the gloomy house.

"I'll tell at least!" he thought savagel "I'll humble the Earl of Ruysland; and i her—let her resent it if she will. I ha been her puppet long enough. While s cared for no one more, I hoped against hop but now that she has fallen in love with the Irish free lance, let her go. My slavery et from to day."

O'Donnell looked after him, angry in t turn—then glancing at his watch and seek that time was flying, he rejoined his sis waiting anxiously in the porch. "Who is that man, Redmond?" she aske

timidly—" were you quarrelling? He angry he looked!" "I was not quarrelling," he answere shortly. "Rose, we have no time to spa See this man if you will, and let us go.

want to catch the five o'clock train" Old Hannah was in waiting-she too loo ed gloomy and forbidding. Her nursling h fled-in some way this young man had to with it, and Hannah resented it according He saw it and asked no questions—he felt: inclination to subject himself to further : buffs. Let them all go—he did not und stand them—he washed his hands from here

forth of the whole affair. Hannsh in silence led the way up a da spiral staircase to an upper room. She car tionsly inserted a key and unlocked

"Make no noise," she said in a whisp " he's asleep." She softly opened the door and led then in. They followed, Rose clinging to her h ther's arm—white, trembling from heattfoot. She was led to a bed; upon it a figure and the state of the state lay, asleep, motionless. A hot mist was fore her eyes; for a moment she could no look; then it cleared away. She strove command herself, and for the first time

seven years Rose Marie Dantree looked up her husband's face. There was nothing revolting or terrible the sight. As he lay asleep all the of beauty was there-the calm, the peace. arm supported his head-he was neither was nor thin-he had changed very little. I classic profile was turned toward themlong, black lashes swept his cheeks, the were parted in something like a smile, glossy, black, curling hair was swept of forehead. He looked beautiful as he there asleep. And over Rose's heart the love surged—the great wrong he had done vas forgotten—she only remembered she been his wife, and that he had loved her of Her face worked-she sank on her knees.

"Gaston! Gaston!" she whispered, gro ing ghastly. He started in his sleep-the dark, I sunken eyes, opened and looked at her. she met them the last trace of life left face—she sank backward—her brother cau

her as she fell. "I might have known it would be too m for her," he said. "I should never have

her come." She was on the grass outside the gate w she recovered, her brother bathing her head and holding her in his arms. Sheld ed up into his eyes, burst into a sudden sion of crying, and hid her face on his bu He was very patient and gentle with herlet her cry in peace. Presently he sto and kissed her.

"If you are ready we will go now, i

he said. "You must not see him "

It can do no good-his case is hopeled knows no one, and when he is disturbed gives trouble, the old woman says. Rose, be brave—it is bard on you, but iii hard on all of us. Since we must be stol troubles, let us at least bear them bravely She went without a word. She drew veil over her face, and cried silently beh it. They reached the Silver Rose; Lantya the luggage were there. The luggage

ready for the railway, but Lanty was now!

to be seen. The sound of voices in the cal

yard, however, guided his master-Mr.

ferty's mellifluous Northern accent was to be mistaken. "See now—that I may never sin (God don me for swearin) - but I'll come bad ye-an' maybe marry ye-if I don't see body I like better. Arrah! where's the! av' cryin' and screechin' in this way? me own heart's broke intirely—so it is. thin ye can write to me when I'm away isn't that same a comfort? Faith! beautiful hand ye write-aquil to iver schoolmaster in Ballynahaggart. An' y dait yer letthers in this way: Misther Last Lasterty, in care o' the Masther. In far Arrah! hould yer noise, an'don't parts. fetchin the parish down on us. Far or no amn't I ready to stick to ye, Shusan, thro thick and thin? Arrah, is it doubtin' mi are? See now, it's the truth I'm tellin'; I may go to my grave feet foremost i

isn't. Mr. Lafferty and the rosy-cheeked bart were ensconced behind a tree, Lanty ser on the pump, Susan dissolved in toats love-scene, undoubtedly. Susan's reply inaudible, but her lover might be heard any one who chose to listen.

"Why, don't I lave him, is it? Upon conscience, thin, it's long and many's the ago I'd av left him wid his sodgerin' an' thrampin' if I cud have found iver a cent Irish boy to thrust him wid. But the it was, ye see-av a bullet from a rifle, o poke from a pike cut his sodgering sho was always to the fore to close the corp eyes, an' wake him comfortably, and see he had a headstone over him, as a daces Donnell should. But, shure—(this is a cret, mind)—her ladyship, good luck to has him now, or will shortly; an' tro he's half as unasy, an' half as throuble on her hands as he is on mine, it's her be sick an' sore av her bargain. An'i